

Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR



MAY 1948



"MY LITTLE BROTHER!" How well Ah Lan guards him! Life in China is cheap, men say, but the love of big sister for little brother is legendary.





Only butch and the howling
red monkeys broke the sil-
ence in this saga of the Beni
River, in lowland Bolivia

A Thousand Miles ... in a Canoe

by Gorden N. Fritz

PADDLING, PADDLING! We have just had eight days and nine nights of endless paddling, in two dugout canoes, for over a thousand miles down the Beni River.

The "we" comprised young Francesco, Butch, and me in one canoe, and Juan Mistero and his family in the second. Butch was a six-weeks-old police dog, which the Sisters in La Paz had just given me as a gift. Francesco was a hired hand.

I had journeyed by launch to Rurrenbaque, the topmost port on the Beni. By a short plane ride, I had gone thence to La Paz, to make a

year's purchases for myself and my Indians of Cavinass Mission. Then I returned with my freight by plane, to Rurrenbaque and the dear old Beni.

There began the saga of the silent river. First, I was to get my freight to Cavinass, which is between five and six hundred miles below Rurrenbaque. And then I was to continue on from that halfway point to Riberalta, for the annual retreat.

Three expert rowers took me and my belongings through the twelve



Day after day on the Beni's banks we saw only a tangle of luxurious green

miles of rapids below Rurrenabaque, to Salinas, where I had my canoe. Francesco was nowhere in sight, and I had to go into the woods and hunt for him. He told me that he had arranged with Juan Mistero to come with us and help paddle. Juan had his own canoe, and we lashed the two boats together with poles and green vines. Into this double hitch we put my freight and the supplies for the journey.

On these supplies, Francesco had done a poor job. He had provided no plates, no cups, no spoons; not a knife, a machete, or a hatchet; no gun, no flashlight, no fishhooks; not even a booklet of matches! Worst of all, for three men and a boy who were potential paddlers, he had brought only one tiny paddle! Fortunately, Juan Mistero had plates

and spoons. I found a knife and a hatchet in my cargo, and at Salinas I was able to buy some paddles and eight cents' worth of matches. We were obliged to go without gun, flashlight, and fishhooks, although in this country it is almost a mortal sin to be thus unprovided.

At half past three on a Thursday afternoon, we made our start. From then on, it was a constant, monotonous pull, hour after hour, through long days and nights. We determined to keep going, with the minimum of stops—two of us at the paddles while the other two rested.

On the first night, a gorgeous tropical moon lit up the waters in a splendid display of beauty. Paddling by moonlight could have thrills, I admitted, but for me all was marred by aches and pains from

MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR, Vol. XLII, No. 5 May, 1948. Issued monthly. Rates: \$1 a year; \$5 for six years; \$50 for life. ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, MARYKNOLL, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER UNDER ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879, AUTHORIZED FEBRUARY 24, 1943. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 21, 1921. Published by (legal title) Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

unaccustomed hours of stroking.

"Never mind, Padre," Juan would say. "Tomorrow will not be so bad!" Foolishly I would believe him, but on the next day the rebellious muscles would complain even more.

Early Friday morning we stopped at a sand bar and hunted enough turtle eggs for the day. We rigged a stove by tying bamboo poles across the prows of the two canoes and covering the poles with a table of mud. On this we built a fire, so that Juan's wife could cook as we glided along.

Settlements were very few. We were in that vast, uninhabited part of the river called "*El Desierto*." On the first morning, we bought bananas, hen's eggs, and a couple of baked fish at a farmhouse along the bank. But afterwards we saw not a sign of human life for a day and a half.

Instead, we were treated to *El Desierto's* marvelous menagerie. We were constantly entertained by flocks of the world's tamest wild ducks and turkeys, which we approached at will. Even the pink flamingos were extraordinarily tame. Alligators were many, and casually slithered into the water only a rod or two away from us. Once I counted thirty in sight at one time. Groups of big, red, howling monkeys visited us along the shore, but gave no trouble.

My only animal worries came from Butch. He behaved quite nicely for about a day. Then, we stopped for a few moments, and all hopped ashore, leaving Butch alone in the boat. He became panicky, yelped

quite pitifully, and fell into the water. Of course he then became more panicky, but one of the men ran to his rescue. That was only the first of Butch's five falls into the river.

Most serious fall came at midnight one night when I was paddling up forward and Francesco was in the stern. I heard the pup splash into the stream. I turned—in time to see Francesco lift his oar to smack the pup over the head, thinking him a night fish jumping.

"Hold it!" I shouted. "That's



Francesco found us turtle eggs, found for himself "*El Gringo*," a turtle pet

Butch!"

I always called to the pup in English, "Come, Butch!" I repeated the call so often that my companions concluded that it was the dog's name. And so my cook calls him "Kum-butch" to this day.

The Beni River was kind to us and helped us on our way. But it plays many tricks with its windings. At a little place called San Pablo, a man cried out to me, "Stop in and see my daughter at Santa Elena." Three and a half hours later, we pulled into her little clearing. "Why do you live so far from your father?" I asked her. "Far?" she replied. "It's only fifteen minutes by path through the woods." The twisting curves of the Beni had kept us for several hours covering the tiny stretch.

Most striking is the famous Guayabochi Cut. There a tall, lone guayabochi tree lifts its arms fifteen feet from the shore. After more than an hour and a half of paddling, we came to that tree again, this time on the opposite bank and still only fifteen feet away. If we had a light

canoe such as the North American Indians used, we could have carried it across this narrow isthmus.

After four days and nights of paddling, we reached my mission, at Cavinás.

"Padre," said old Don Juan as we stepped ashore, "you're just in time! An old man is sick and asks for you."

I slowly climbed the steep embankment in the hot sun.

"Padre!" a girl cried as she ran up to me. "Come quickly; he's dying."

I arrived not a moment too soon, and absolved the sick man as he passed away.

Soon we were on our way again, this time with only one canoe. The days seemed just as interminable, but we moved fast and finally pulled into Riberalta. No more sun, no more paddling, no more mosquitoes, no more ashes in the food! It was wonderful to see other Maryknollers.

"What'll you have, Padre?" asked the mission cook.

"Give me six fried eggs," I answered. Those eaten, I dropped into a hammock to dream of the Beni.

Your Will or You Won't

Your will must be properly drawn, or you won't make due provision for those you wish to benefit. Ask for our free booklet on the precautions necessary in drawing wills.

Who Are These Who Feed the Hungry?

"WE IN NAPLES have won to our cause large masses of poor women . . . by helping them to feed their hungry children, the faded flowerlets who were their dearest pride."

Who are these who feed the hungry? They are Communist missionaries of eleven nations, who met recently in Milan to plan their world conquest. How ironical it would be were they to close the earth to Christ by arriving first with what outwardly appears to be Christ's doctrine of brotherly love!



Jorge and Clarissa Mouse

LIKE ALL GOOD MISSIONERS, Father Francis X. Lyons, of Philadelphia, has a formula for converting the world. But unlike most such, Father Lyons' formula is very simple: it is the maximum use of the vivid imagination God has given him.

Father Lyons has been very successful in Palenque, Ecuador, and much of this success is due to his charm as a storyteller. His most famous story was not really a story, but rather a soap opera; it was conducted six nights a week, with the seventh night left open for confessions. This tale concerned the adventures of Jorge and Clarissa Mouse, and it was a regular feature of the Padre's catechism classes.

The whole town became very much interested when the catechism class approached the Sacrament of Matrimony. Father Lyons did not disappoint his listeners. To illustrate the doctrine, he described the wedding of Jorge and Clarissa, the perfect lovers. In honor of the event, he

In which a mouse
leads the children
to catechism

by Bernard F. Ryan

declared a holiday, and then he hastened to the city to purchase supplies.

All went well until Father returned. Wearied from his journey, and seeking to escape the small fry who surrounded him to ask about the next chapter on Jorge and Clarissa, he unthinkingly gave a wrong answer. "Jorge Mouse?" he mused. "Why he married Juana Mouse in Guayaquil and is taking a long honeymoon."

"But he is already married to Clarissa Mouse!" cried out one horrified youngster.

The Padre realized his slip. On

the spur of the moment, he decided to abandon Jorge rather than have his own truthfulness questioned. "Jorge Mouse is a rat!" he told the youngsters. "He can never come back to Palenque again. No one with two wives can live in this town."

Thus ended the romantic adventures of Jorge and Clarissa. But Father Lyons is more than a teller of mythical tales. He is able to overcome the lassitude of these tropical people and get things done.

When he decided to build a new rectory in four months, so that he could abandon his vermin-infested quarters, the good citizens of Palenque told him it was impossible. For the first few days, it seemed as if the people were right.

When Father needed holes for the four large poles that were to support his house, he told the sacristan to get four men to dig the holes. The sacristan explained that he could not hire anyone except the official hole diggers. Father gave instructions to get the official diggers. "Do you want the official small-hole diggers, or the

official large-hole diggers?" the sacristan asked.

Once the holes were dug, things went along smoothly. The Padre inspired the ox drivers who hauled the

material, the carpenters and other artisans who worked on the building, with a sort of personal challenge. Several days before the rains came, right on schedule,

Father moved into his new house.

Father Lyons has become a terror to the owls, bats, and even foxes, that had usurped the church when the town was priestless. Walls of the old building were torn down, rotted beams were replaced, and a cement floor was put in the sanctuary to support the new altar.

Even more surprising was the transformation among the people. Folks who used to enter the church only at *fiesta* time, suddenly found themselves attending Sunday Mass regularly. The seven thousand parishioners who live in the jungle outside Palenque learned to look forward to the visits of their hard-riding pastor.

OUR MAILING ADDRESS

It's easy to remember.

Write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

Charlie Makes a Pie

ANTHONY had gone home for the momentarily expected demise of his aged grandmother. Charlie was the cook and to the table came what to all appearances was a pie. "What kind of a pie is this?" we asked. Charlie beamed. "That's toast pie," he replied. "Toast pie?" "Yeh, I made it out of the left-over toast from this morning's breakfast." There's an idea for you, straight from Charlie, our pinch-hitter cook!—*Father Cyril Hirst, Pingnam, South China.*

MANY PEOPLE are going to deny that what is reported here ever took place. Many American soldiers in Korea who know Peter Yang find this story hard to believe. When Father Benedict, the pastor in Kusan, told the facts to G.I.'s of the 63rd Regiment, the reaction was more than amazement. Since secondhand information is sometimes open to doubt, Father Clarence D. White, our chaplain, and myself went to Kusan and questioned Peter Yang at length. This story tells the facts as we learned them. It is a strange story, but we are in a pagan land.

Peter Yang was formerly known as Aeng-Chin-Yang. He is of middle age, has a wife, three children, and a job in an electrical shop in Chongup. Until February, his religious beliefs were those of the ordinary Korean — a mixture of Buddhism, Confucianism, and the native spirit-worship.

But on February 15, something happened to Yang. He became vividly aware of someone within himself, who spoke to him. He called this someone his "teacher." This teacher gave his own name as Yo-Ou, which in Korean means "The Fox." Yo-Ou commanded Yang to take his family into the Russian zone. There Yang was to offer sacrifice to the "teacher" in a temple that Yo-Ou would point out. As a reward, Yang would be given the power to do anything he wanted.

Yang feared the spirit, but he also feared to go to the Russian territory. So he refused to obey. Yo-Ou became angry and threatened: "If you do not do as I say, by midnight of February 25, I will kill you and your family!"

The Devil and Peter Yang

The story of
a strange conversion

by Sgt. Paluel V. Flagg

Sgt. Flagg and Peter Yang are snapped
in Chongup, Korea, during their meeting



At this threat, Yang became terror-stricken. He tried the age-old Korean methods of freeing oneself from an evil spirit. He even took a needle and pricked his body in many places, so that when the blood flowed freely, the devil would escape. Nothing worked. Finally he listened to the urgings of his Catholic nephew, and went to the Catholic mission to see the priest in charge.

The priest was away, but the catechist, Barbara Paik, who five years earlier had an experience of diabolical possession, talked with Yang. She said that she believed he was possessed by the devil. She gave him a crucifix and holy water, and advised him to say in prayer the names, "Jesus" and "Mary."

Yo-Ou warned Yang to stay away from the church, and forbade him to utter the Holy Name. Whenever Yang tried to say the Holy Name, or when his nephew sprinkled him with holy water, he had a convulsion.

Finally Father Benedict Pak (a Korean priest) returned to Chongup. After he had heard the story, he sent for Yang. The spirit tried to prevent Yang from going to the church, but his family took him there. Father Benedict questioned Yang at long length, on four separate occasions. He applied the tests that he had

learned in theology. He asked Yang in French, Latin, and English about points of Catholic doctrine. In every case, Yang answered the questions correctly although he knew none of these languages. Secondly, Father Benedict asked Yang to explain the

The mission fields and the home Knolls have many needs. If you cannot decide which need is greatest, make your gift "stringless." We prefer such.

General Judgment, a subject he should know nothing about. Yang gave a detailed explanation. Thirdly, the priest ascertained

Yang's reaction to sacred things. There was violent repulsion.

Father Benedict decided to exorcise Yang the next day. After Mass, the priest and twenty parishioners fasted and prayed for five hours. At three o'clock the Way of the Cross was recited, and then the actual rite of exorcism was begun. A particular prayer was said to the seventy-nine Korean martyrs.

During the exorcism, Yang trembled violently. He wrung his hands and kept moaning: "I will go now. I will go."

At the last Sign of the Cross, Yang cried out: "All right! I will leave!" His trembling stopped, and he became completely calm.

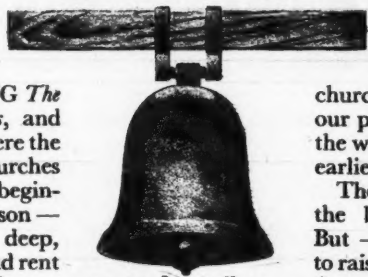
Yang has now entirely recovered from his terrible experience. He and his family have been received into the Church, and his new name is Peter.

The Law of the Missioner

"Thou hast no right to rest from thy labors in any settled place. Do not grow weary of preaching the word of God wherever the Lord opens the way to you." — *Pope Gregory III to St. Boniface, Apostle of Germany.*

All Hands, Heave Ho!

by Edward A. Koehel



I WAS READING *The Miracle of the Bells*, and was at the place where the bells of the five churches of Coaltown are beginning to ring in unison — when suddenly a deep, clear, beautiful sound rent the evening air. For a moment I thought I was imagining things. But no! It was our own bell, ringing out for the first time, calling our Maya Indians of Carrillo Puerto to the nightly recitation of the Rosary.

Our bell is a gorgeous bell: huge, well-formed, of the finest bronze mixed with a little gold, beautifully engraved. It was brought here from Spain, a century ago, yet had never reached its home in the belfry. About a hundred and ten years ago, work had been begun on the church, a tremendous structure of six-foot-thick stone walls. But war broke out between the Mexicans and the Indians, and the building was interrupted. When the war was over, town and incomplete church were abandoned.

Years passed before any large number of settlers returned to Carrillo Puerto. Then the huge, stone church became a theater, and later a meeting hall. Meanwhile, the bell stood idly by. Last year the Government decreed that the building be used for the original purpose — a Catholic

church. Thus it became our privilege to complete the work begun a century earlier.

The day came to hang the bell in the belfry. But — did you ever try to raise a thousand-pound bell up a forty-foot stone wall by means of one little pulley?

Shortly after noon, a rope was fastened to the bell and threaded through the pulley. In a few moments, men began assembling from all directions, attracted perhaps by the hope of at long last hearing their bell. There must have been a hundred men, practically the entire male population of the village. Even the Government official, the head of the town, turned out and put his sturdy two hundred pounds to the rope. All hands heaved — usually not in unison. But up went the bell! As the sun set, we fastened our treasure to a beam in the belfry. Then all hands went to supper.

Thus it was that, as I sat reading after the evening meal, I heard the bell ring out from its new home. In the silence of eventide, it could be heard for miles throughout the thick forest of chicle and mahogany. It proclaimed to all the workers the glad news that God had at last taken possession of His temple and would always be waiting for them there.

OUR LADY IN CENTRAL CHINA

by John C. Troesch

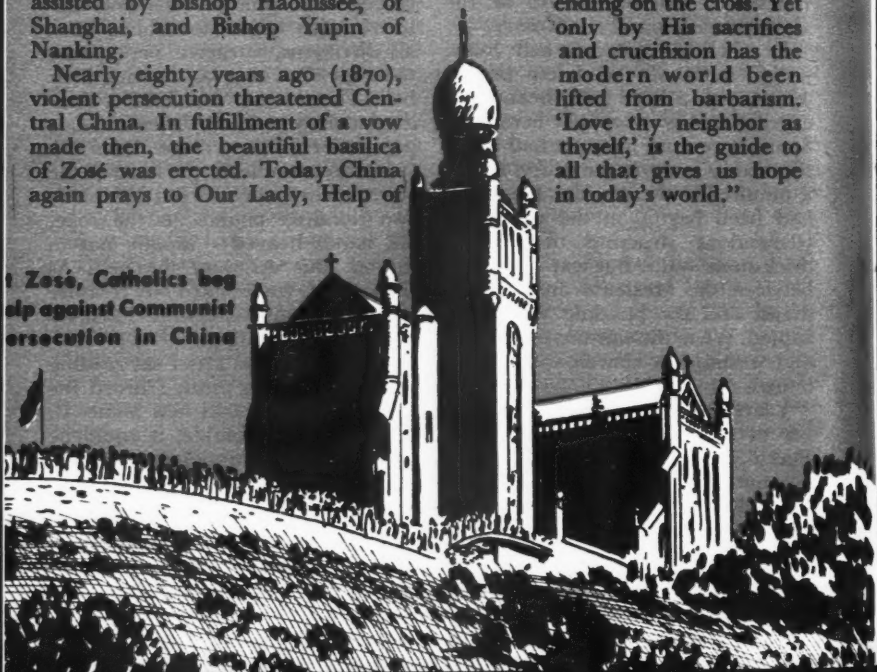
ON last May 18th, some fifty thousand people made the pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Zosé, fifteen miles outside Shanghai. The occasion was the coronation of Our Lady, the first ceremony of its kind in China. The Papal Inter-Nunzio, Archbishop Riberi, placed the crown on Our Lady's head, assisted by Bishop Haouissée, of Shanghai, and Bishop Yupin of Nanking.

Nearly eighty years ago (1870), violent persecution threatened Central China. In fulfillment of a vow made then, the beautiful basilica of Zosé was erected. Today China again prays to Our Lady, Help of

Christians, against the threat of violence — this time from Communists.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek visited Zosé recently and was particularly impressed by its open-air Stations of the Cross. "It was a truly inspiring sight," she said. "The fourteen plaques told only the story of a crushing, total failure, ending on the cross. Yet only by His sacrifices and crucifixion has the modern world been lifted from barbarism. 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' is the guide to all that gives us hope in today's world."

At Zosé, Catholics beg
help against Communist
persecution in China





Thirteen bishops and hundreds of priests, Brothers, and Sisters were among the 50,000 at the crowning of Our Lady, Help of Christians, at Zosé



Thousands of Catholic young folk of Shanghai journeyed the fifteen miles to this beautiful hilltop to plead for China's protection

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

by Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

We had the pleasure recently of a visit from Father Maguire, the American Vincentian of Shanghai. The story of what has been accomplished by his relief committee in the past year is inspiring. Father Maguire, assisted by a number of Columban Fathers and by priests of the Scarboro Missioners of Canada, has achieved remarkable results. At first he had nothing, but with the co-operation of bishops and clergy, he built up a fine organization to distribute relief in the form of food, clothing, and medicine, to the people of China. The difficulties these missionaries met have only increased their determination.

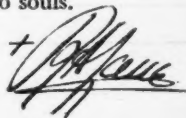
Father Maguire came to America for a short stay; to make arrangements with various relief organizations for future help to the poor of China. He is a dynamic person who gets things done. He knows what he wants, and he expresses desires with clarity and definiteness. If the first year is an indication, his organization should accomplish much in the future. His great problem has been to secure the operating expenses for his staff. Here again Father Maguire has shown initiative and resourcefulness, for he has managed to work under great handicaps.

Even more impressive was the description of plans for Catholic Action in China. Archbishop Riberi, the

Internuncio, has inaugurated a series of departments, not unlike those of our N.C.W.C. in Washington. Some of them are functioning in Shanghai, some in Peiping, and some in Nanking; the work has gone well beyond the blue-print stage. There will be departments covering press, labor, social welfare, Catholic Action, legal matters, education, and other activities. Letters from China confirm Father Maguire's report and indicate that the Internuncio has been most active since his arrival little more than a year ago. He has already visited the missions in many provinces of that vast country.

For some fifteen years Maryknoll had the honor and the privilege of helping in the work of the so-called Synodal Commission, under Archbishop Costantini and Archbishop Zanin in Peiping. At first Father Dietz, and later Father Kaschmitter, served as our representative on this Commission. The Holy See's plans are now being activated in the wider Welfare Conference.

May God bless abundantly this program, which represents so much vision and which promises so much for the Church in China! Such broad strategy is important in getting Christ's message to souls.

+ 



A PAPAL REPRESENTATIVE SKIRTS THE IRON CURTAIN

Monsignor Patrick J. Byrne, who was Maryknoll's first missionary to Korea, has returned as Papal Visitor for Pope Pius XII to that land, across the heart of which Russia has erected a segment of its iron curtain. In the photograph, Monsignor Byrne walks at the right of the Korean Bishop of Seoul.



Number Six and the author plan their attack on a non-Christian village

My Man Friday

The Fish Clan

sent

their trigger-man

by Mark A. Tennien

THE DAY was already growing late. Ue Chi Cheung, known to all as "Number Six," was leading me through a mountain pass when a rough-looking customer, toting a rifle, stepped out of the bushes.

"Hello, Number Six! Has the Father any medicine in his baggage?"

"Perhaps. What is your trouble?" responded Number Six.

When the man explained his symptoms, I took out medicine for his ailment. Number Six sat chatting about the weather and the price of rice. Later, after we had gone on a few steps, I asked who his friend was.

"A bandit leader," answered Number Six, casually.

"A bandit leader!" I exclaimed. "Not so loud, Father," he cautioned, looking back. "It isn't good to let him hear you call him a bandit."

That was in 1929. Chatty and friendly with everyone, this Chinese had a booming voice, hard muscles, and a fighting face that marked him as a man not to be toyed with.

About six generations earlier, his ancestors of the Fish clan had moved in to stake a claim near Pingnam. The roughly held claim had been fought for with bullets and blood, for six generations. In spare time, when they weren't tilling the fields or firing at contestants for the land, the people made guns, powder, and bullets.

Whenever fighting broke out in his time, Number Six had jumped into the fray as a fire horse jumps into harness. But now he was carrying baggage for the mission priest. His leathery skin, browned by the sun, rippled with hardened muscles as he put his shoulder under the load.



A Wuchow missionary and his catechist read a roadside sign as they make their way

On mission trips, Number Six was keenly interested in treatment of the sick, and he watched to see what remedies I gave. In spare time he thumbed through Chinese medical books to learn what herbs, roots, leaves, and potions the country doctors prescribed for different ailments.

In the following year, I was sent to open up new territory and build a mission at Jungyun, and I took Number Six along as houseboy and cook. But he was more at home with a gun than with a frying pan, and was a better diplomat than a houseboy. When we ran into opposition or petty persecution, he'd say, "Let me have a little conference with the people." His warm, friendly personality and clever talking invariably won out, and trouble vanished.

When I scolded him for not sweeping my room every day, he answered dejectedly, "I was brought up in a mud house, where we swept only for the Chinese New Year, and it is hard

to get used to new ways." When he talks like that, and flashes his sunny smile, I can't scold him.

A few years later I was assigned to Wuchow, and I called Number Six to go with me. I thought there were great possibilities in him, and it was time to let him blossom out.

First he hired a small shop in a market town six miles from Wuchow. Hanging out his sign as a native doctor, loquacious Number Six soon had crowds waiting for treatment, and at the same time listening to his chats about the Catholic Church. In a few months he had a class ready to study in preparation for baptism.

In addition, Number Six roved around the country, visiting patients and interesting people in the Catholic Church. He loved his busy days spent curing the sick and opening up new places for the study of the doctrine. But every year or two, the old feud over the land claim flared up in his home village. When the Fish families

were forced to flee to the mountains by superior numbers, the tocsin was sounded for the clan to gather. Number Six always plagued me for time off to go home and join the battle. I always told him he couldn't be spared.

War came in 1941, and I was assigned to far-off places: Chungking, Hong Kong, Shanghai. War caused retrenchment, and Number Six was dropped from the mission staff. With his medical knowledge and his business skill, he supported his family for the intervening years.

In October, 1946, I returned to Kwangsi to take up field work again. The bishop gave me the pioneer task of opening two new regions. I sent an SOS to Number Six, and he came rushing to my side.

On November 16 we set out by jeep. Fifty rough miles gave me plenty of time to brief my aide on his task. He was to look for a place to start a mission in Shumkai, and to travel the countryside with medicines. Healing the people, he was to tell them about the Catholic Religion. Those who should become interested were to sign a petition for instructors to be sent to teach them the doctrine.

It was all routine work to Number Six. But he was a smart campaigner, and he told me he had something special up his sleeve. He had heard that there were two men, neighbors of his family's village, who were working in the Shumkai government.

If he could arrange to "stand in" with officials, his task should be easy. When we reached Shumkai, Number Six sought his old friends and asked to room with them at the Government officials' dormitory. Within an hour

he returned, smiling broadly, and whispered the equivalent of: "We're all set, Father. Big things should happen here!" I stepped on the jeep starter, to jounce seventy miles farther and

seek an opening for a mission at Paklau.

So the task of Number Six goes on. He is the advance guard, who trudges over the roads, through the rice fields and across the mountains, with his pack of medicine strapped to his shoulders. Sometimes I hint to him that he is a good investment, not only to the friend in California who pays his salary, but to the missionary who dreams of a rich harvest from his sowing.

He told me that, when he heard I was returning to South China to work, he discussed coming to help me. The family decided that, even if I could not pay him a salary, he could make his way by charging medical fees, and he would be glad to work with me without salary.

In the last three months, over seven thousand people, in a half dozen villages, have petitioned for instruction, as a result of the labors of Number Six. The erstwhile plow boy and trigger man of Kwangsi may well be the greatest catechist of our time.

An Altar for the daily Mass of a priest in a Maryknoll seminary, may be donated as a memorial for a beloved relative or friend. Offering \$100.



Michan— Our Little Drudge

by Bernard N. Hanson

LITTLE fourteen-year-old Michan, with her irresistible smile, asked her question on the very first day: "No one has ever loved me. Why do you think the Lord of Heaven does?"

The story that the child unfolded was a new one to Father Lenox. The girl's parents had both died when she was eight years old. An uncle, already burdened with eight children of his own, tried to take care of the child, but, when he met an opportunity to apprentice her out, he did so. Michan then found herself working for a very hard taskmistress, who made her scrub and wash and toil from early in the morning till well on to midnight. No wonder the six years took such a toll! Racked finally by the dread disease, tuberculosis, the little girl had been placed in a paupers' hospital to die.

Good medicine, a doctor of her own, a Maryknoll Sister to come and teach her daily, brought new life to Michan's soul and body, and very soon she was able to get up during the day. Her first request was that she might visit the Lord of Heaven's temple. What reverence the little

miss exhibited! And then, when she came to assist at the Holy Sacrifice for the first time, we thought that the joy of it would carry her off.

But the years had taken their toll, and when the rainy season came Michan was back in bed again, never to recover. The lessons were hurried, and on a chilly morning in spring she was baptized.

The nurses and hospital superintendent were amazed at the change which came over our little drudge. Her suffering grew infinitely worse, to so great a degree that Father Lenox spent his last copper to provide oxygen for the child's lungs. But throughout all there was no complaint, no admission of suffering; her eyes were lovingly adoring the form of her crucified Lord, and a smile bespoke her love.

"You don't know how wonderful it is to be loved!" she said to Father Lenox as she took her eyes for a moment from the cross. Before he had time to reply, Michan's beautiful little soul had peacefully rushed out of its wasted shell and winged its flight direct to her new-found God. The clouds parted for a moment; a ray of sunlight pierced the dingy ward; and somewhere, nearby, a skylark mounted and sang.



A room in a Maryknoll seminary is a fitting memorial. A plaque on the door reminds the priest or the student occupant to pray daily for your beloved. Offering, \$500.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., New York.
Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$_____ toward the five hundred dollars needed for a memorial room in the Maryknoll seminary.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State* _____

The Queen of Sherati

Freedom was priced at twenty cows

Adogo was the third wife of Nyatega, the King of Sherati. Yet, she was Queen of the land. She was Nyatega's favorite wife, and therefore, by the custom of the land, the Queen. She was beloved, not only by the King, but by his court and by the people, even beyond the region of Sherati. Adogo was beautiful to behold, graceful, charming, and very happy. She worked hard. She ruled the royal household smoothly, efficiently, and tactfully. She could make things with her hands. She could make people near her happy. She could speak many languages. The Queen was, indeed, an ornament in the King's Court.

Franciscus was a native Catholic. He was catechist in the land of Sherati. Franciscus taught the mysteries of Christ, day in and day out, every day of the year. Adogo, coming from market, listened to Franciscus. For two years, she listened and learned what Franciscus taught. Then she asked for baptism. The Fathers at the mission answered, "Not yet." Adogo asked again after another year. "Not yet." And another year. "Not



by Albert E. Good

yet." Then it occurred to her that, of all who had learned of the mysteries of Christ, she alone remained unbaptized. That made her sad. And it made her think. "Why have I not been baptized?" she wondered.

Early one morning, the Queen walked twenty-eight miles to question the Fathers at the mission in Kowak. It was late when she arrived, and she slept under God's multitudinous stars and planets, to await the morning.

As one of the priests walked toward the catechumen school, after breakfast, Adogo bowed to him, and greeted him.

"Father," she said, "all who have studied with Franciscus, the catechist of Sherati, have now been baptized — all except one. And that one is the Queen of Sherati. I think, Father, I have not been baptized because I am not the first wife of Nyatega, the King. If that be true, Father, I will no longer be Queen of Sherati. I will leave the King."

The missionary answered, "Yes, Adogo, that is true!"

Adogo did not return to Sherati.

Near the mission lived an old Catholic woman, a widow. Adogo asked if she might make her home with the widow. The latter was glad to have a companion, and readily agreed.

News travels fast in Africa. Nyatega, roaring and raging, rushed to the mission at Kowak. The Fathers called Adogo. The former Queen stood before the King and said, "Never, never will I consent to live as third wife!"

Nyatega, more angry still, jumped from his chair, and ran after the Queen, to drag her back to his court at Sherati. But she ran like a leopard, and hid from his wrath.

In the eyes of the people of all the land, Adogo remained the Queen, the third wife of Nyatega. He had paid her dowry of twenty cows to her father; he had celebrated the marriage feast with her. But the priests of the mission thought differently. They had come to know Adogo. So before long, she was baptized in Kowak. She took the name of Magdalena.

Sylvanus Ooko was a Catholic. He lived not far from the mission. He met the new convert, talked with her, and fell in love with her. And soon Magdalena returned his affection. Sylvanus wished to marry her, but the elders and chiefs of the tribe ruled against the marriage. They feared the wrath of the King of Sherati.

The father of Sylvanus began cautious negotiations with the King. Surprisingly, he found that the royal rancor had cooled, and that the offended ruler was not at all unwilling to receive a dowry for his former Queen. Upon the delivery of twenty cows to the King's herd, Sylvanus and Magdalena were married, at the mission church at Kowak.

Sunday after Sunday, now, Sylvanus and Magdalena, and their little family, attend Mass and other devotions in the mission church. There the former Queen of Sherati bows in humble homage to the King of kings, the Lord of hosts.

Requirements for Maryknoll Priesthood

AGE: Young men of high school or college age are eligible to apply to join Maryknoll to prepare for the foreign missions.

CHARACTER: Applicants must have an excellent character and the recommendation of their pastors and teachers. Applicants should be zealous, intelligent, generous and pious.

HEALTH: Good health is required on overseas missions. A candidate must furnish a medical report from his doctor.

EDUCATION: Credit is given for previous high school and college work. Applicants may be required to pass an entrance examination before acceptance or a placement examination after acceptance.

For further information write to:

Vocation Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.

The Senora Greet the Virgin

by Gerald S. Carroll

IN the Book of Life, there should be a golden page reserved for the Senora Uberlinda Munoz. When I was called to see her, I found a tiny, wrinkled lady, who was over ninety years of age. She was suffering from a stomach ailment that had prevented her from eating for the past ten days. It seemed to me that she would die at any moment. But the Chileno is a hardy soul, and the senora rallied.

Since she lived close to our church in Zemita, I had the opportunity to visit her often. On one visit, she recognized me when I entered, and tried to tell me something. It was hard to understand her, so I turned to the other women in the room and asked them what she was saying. They listened for a moment. Finally one woman said, "She is saying something about Our Lady of Mount Carmel, but I can't get the rest."

Whenever anyone is seriously ill here, it is the custom for relatives to place whatever images or holy pictures they have, either on or beside the bed of the sick person. The senora had a broken crucifix and a picture of Mary Immaculate by her bed.

I asked the relatives if they had a picture or holy card of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. After a search,

one was produced, and I placed it in the hand of the sick woman. When she saw the card, her eyes lighted, and she drew it to her lips to kiss it. She held the picture, looking at it, for a long time. I could see that Our Lady of Mount Carmel meant much to her.

Then she said — I understood, this time — "Our Lady of Mount Carmel is going to take me up!"

About two weeks later, I was asked to hurry to the house. There was no doubt that time: the aged senora was going to die.

She seemed quite unaware of all that was going on about her. Nevertheless, I called for the holy picture and held it in front of her.

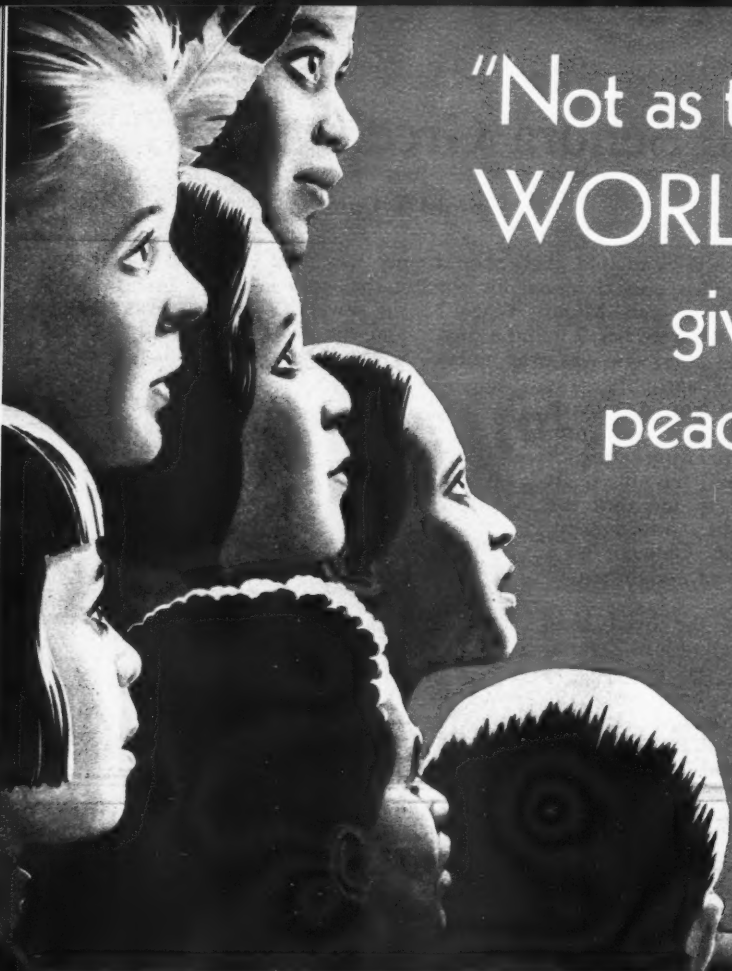
After a moment or two, she opened her eyes, looked more sharply, and then, with a beautiful smile, whispered, "*La Virgen del Carmen!*" "Our Lady of Mount Carmel!"

The next morning Senora Uberlinda was dead.

The Senora exemplified that devotion to Mary that has kept the faith of Chileans strong, despite the lack of priests and the consequent lack of Catholic instruction. Protestants are making strenuous efforts in this country. I believe that the deeply rooted devotion to Our Lady will keep the majority from falling away from the Faith of their fathers.



Father Carroll



"Not as the
WORLD
gives
peace"

The missionary Christ long ago revealed the secret of life for the United Nations and all peoples of the earth. Pope Plus XII has voiced it anew: "Restrain and control the forces of division and discord by means of a sincere spirit of brotherhood, which will unite all classes, all races, and all nations with one bond, love." We must seek to lift hunger, disease, fear, ignorance, spiritual blight from all men.



THE ARAB WORLD is the key to the Moslem world of 200,000,000 souls. Keen, vigorous men such as Emir Feisal of Saudi Arabia (right) and the aristocrats of Yemen (above) make no bones about asserting that within their world there is no place for anything Christian. Do we find ourselves saying, "These are our enemies"? Or do we, as Christ requires, say "These are our brothers, though separated from us"? We need have no illusions about the winning of such brothers: it will be a task of centuries. But our resolve should begin today.



"Unite all classes, all races, and all



These gentlemen speak for China, the Philippines, West Africa, and Haiti at the United Nations. It is hoped that they represent all the interests of their people, including the spiritual interests, and will not talk for only the material side of their people's lives.



and all nations with one bond, love."

— Pope Pius XII





Behind this lady (Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, India's delegate to the United Nations, who speaks to her daughter) we see the hundreds of millions of dwellers in India, whom we should free from bodily and spiritual want.

Ind
to

So
Ch



Indonesia, which these men represent, means rich tin, oil, rubber. But to the world-minded Catholic it means human beings, human souls.



Soviet Russia, for whom these men speak, means a world design against Christianity — but also 180,000,000 souls for whom Christ died.

Ah Ngau had
several tricks
up his sleeve



The Case of the Dishonest Milkman

by James F. Smith

MILK IS SCARCE in South China; as a matter of fact, there are hardly any milk cows in the whole section. Water buffaloes abound, but the "yellow cow," as the milk-giving variety is called, is a rarity.

In peacetime, this makes little difference to a missionary, because he can always get powdered milk. But when the war shut off all supplies from the coast cities, the milk problems became acute.

Father Kennelly was wracking his brains for a way to raise the vitamin quantity in the rice gruel that he was feeding to the abandoned babies of the orphanage. He had tried everything at hand, but had failed. Without milk, his little charges were not thriving as they should: all were losing weight.

Then a ray of light and hope appeared, in the form of a nondescript individual who introduced himself as Ah Ngau. This shifty-eyed person came to the mission and offered to sell milk. Father Kennelly could hardly believe his ears. He quickly

agreed to buy the milk. He knew that he could not be swindled by a concoction of water mixed with chalk because he possessed a lactometer, which would show up fraud immediately. He warned Ah Ngau that this instrument would be used to test the milk every day.

Much to the amazement of the priest, and the delight of the babies, the milk was as good as Ah Ngau had promised. It was white and creamy, and above all, it proved up on the lactometer. The children began to improve immediately.

But Ah Ngau was what the Chinese call a "three-handed man"; that is, a crook and a swindler. He waited until his customer got used to receiving good milk and had put the lactometer away, and then he began to adulterate with water. When Father Kennelly noticed the adulteration, he used the instrument again. Ah Ngau was told exactly what kind of a person he was, and that he could peddle his milk elsewhere.

Of course the dishonest milkman protested his innocence and blamed the cows. "Some days they give good milk, and some days bad," he said; but that excuse was even thinner than the milk.

Ah Ngau knew that the priest was desperate for milk, so he approached him once more with all kinds of excuses for the faults of the past. An agreement was struck. The cows were to be brought into the mission yard and milked right under the missionary's eye.

Again there was a period of peace, and all looked well for the future of the children. Then again the milk began to get the bluish tint that bespoke the presence of too much water. The missionary watched the milkman like a hawk, but could not catch him at his deviltry. Resigning himself to the fact that the fellow was too clever for him, Father Kennelly decided to enlist helpers. He stationed some of the mission workers behind windows, where the culprit would always be within the range of their searching eyes.

Ah Ngau must have sensed that something was wrong, because the quality of the milk again improved. No watcher saw the milkman do anything out of the ordinary. But one day, just as Father was about to call off the watch, he heard a triumphant yell from behind one of the windows. Then the mission cook came charg-

ing out into the yard, swinging his meat cleaver in the direction of Ah Ngau. That terrified individual threw himself at the feet of the priest and begged for protection. When the babel had somewhat subsided, the cows were vindicated and the dishonesty of the milkman was revealed.

The fact was that, while the eyes of the priest were upon him, nothing but pure milk had flowed into the waiting pail. But Ah Ngau in his turn had been watching every move of the missionary. Strapped to the milkman's arms were two hollow bamboo tubes filled with water. Strings attached to plugs at the bottom of these tubes dangled above the milkman's wrists, under his sleeves.

When the missionary looked away momentarily, the milkman pulled a string, and a quantity of water ran down his unclean arm into the milk pail.

After this revelation of his wickedness, Ah Ngau sold his cows to a friend of the missionary, who in turn sold them to the priest. With money in his wallet, Ah Ngau started the long journey to a port city; but was held up by bandits and stripped of everything.

"Ah Ngau," Father Kennelly said, "in spite of the fact that you were dishonest with me, I'm willing to hire you. If you want to work, you can take care of those cows. But if I ever hear of your trying any tricks again, I'll turn the cook on you!"



The Call to all Men

Homemaker

There is much good in the heart of man, and it has always moved him to try to put his house in order. His story, past and present, is full of honest efforts to make a decent world for himself to live in. Every page of history reveals it. Every daily contact gives some hint of it. The human struggle has not been an unbroken story of steady, upward progress. With equal frequency it has recorded stagnation, decadence, and decline. It has involved untold sorrow and endless trouble. It was never free from sad mistakes and sadder sins. But there is a strain of noble striving that runs all through it, and there is a deep substratum of patient bearing that underlies it; and both indicate the presence of some tremendous reservoir of potential good. If man has been a blunderer, he has also been a hero. He has not conquered

his environment; but he has made repeated, brilliant efforts to do so. He has not achieved his aim of true, soul-filling progress, but he has eternally tried. It is a pity that his happiness still eludes him. His bountiful home is still half slum and half jungle. His way of living remains unsatisfactory, uncertain, and insecure.

His Brother's Keeper

The Incarnation was God's solution for the eternal problem of man and his trouble. The greatest of all possible miracles took place, and the Maker of man became a man to share man's troubles with him. It was one way of saving mankind. It was perhaps not the only way possible to the wisdom of God, but it was the way that most commended itself to the love of God. Man was a cherished creature. He had been fashioned in the image and likeness of the eternal God.

Bishop Kearney of Rochester:



"Interest in the missions must now go beyond the traditional service of prayer, organization, financial support, and must concern itself with the present crucial situation, which demands personal service, which requires more and more mission vocations. These must come from our Catholic schools and colleges, from our parish clubs and sodalities. This is America's hour."

✠ James E. Kearney, D.D.

His soul was made for truth and beauty and everlasting happiness. Even his body was to rise again from the dust and see God (*Job 19:26*). Such a being could not be left forever to his own floundering and ill-starred devices, because he was loved too much. He was too important not to be saved.

His Father's House

The divine method of saving man put his problem in an entirely new light, while presaging at the same time the infinite pains to be involved in its solution. An infinite Sacrifice had gone before, and an almost infinite labor was to come after. But new principles were present to provide the energizing element, and their names were faith, hope, and charity. Faith laid the groundwork; hope was present to instill patience and confidence (*Rom. 8:11*); and charity would do the work. This was clear to the missionaries of the Catholic Church, who were told to go out and find the lost one. It was not clear, however, to the wilderness of human beings to whom they were sent, and the task of making it clear was bound to be difficult. The man who had been saved did not know anything about his own redemption. He did not consciously want to know. He had become a creature of ant-hill cities and isolated villages, of dark forests and distant spaces. He was thoroughly lost and bewildered, and he was most inveterate in his own

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America

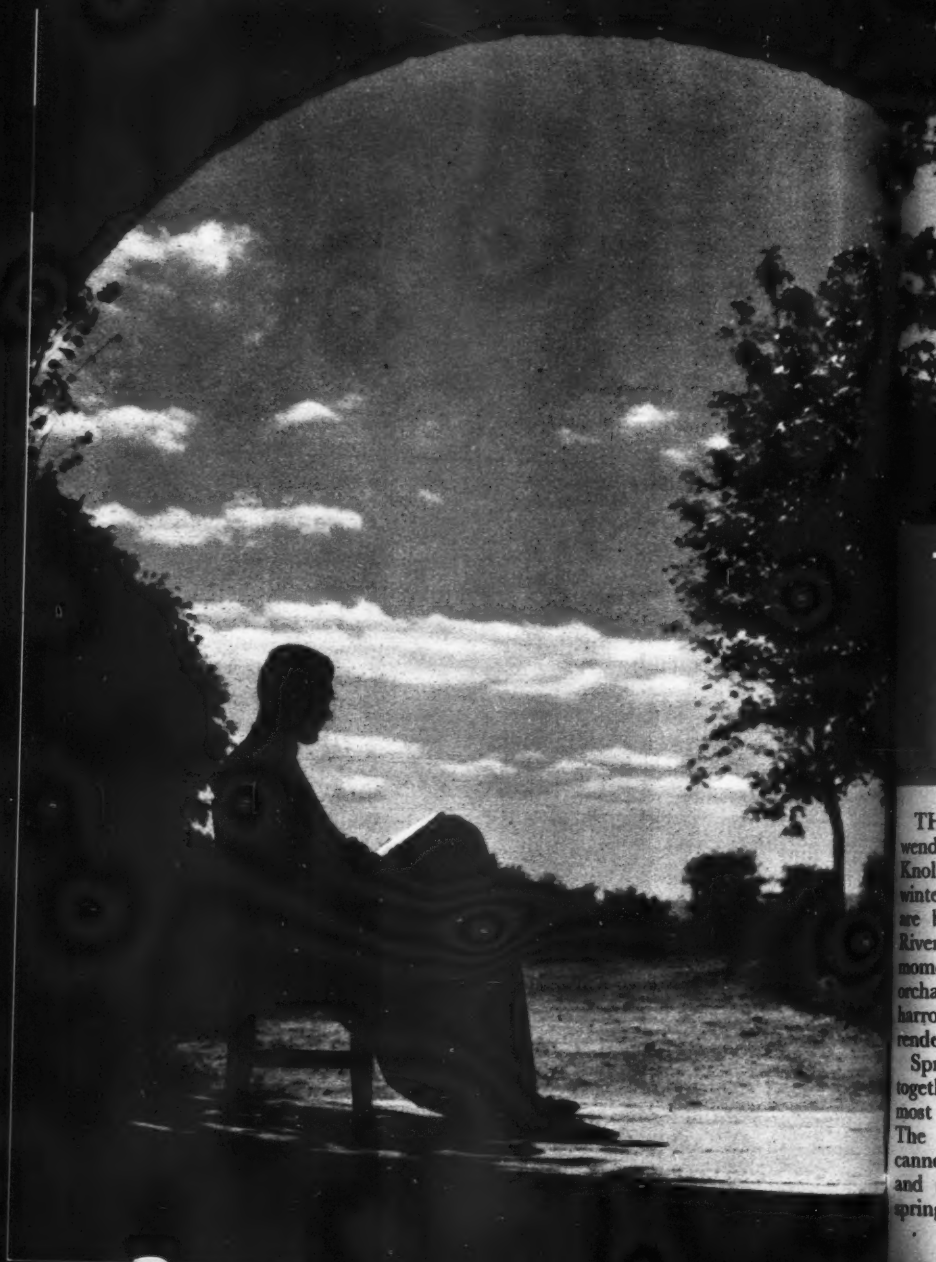


Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.


Maryknoll P. O., New York

conceits. It would take apostles to find him, and martyrs to move him. It would be a work of centuries. He was a precious man and a very appealing man, but he was not an easy man to deal with. Nevertheless, his day had dawned when Calvary once revealed his true importance. He was a brother. And the Church of Christ would search him out over seas and continents, in order to recall him to his Father's house.

—“Behold, I have given thee to be the light of the Gentiles.” — *Isaiah 49:6*



TH
wend
Knoll
winte
are b
River
mom
orcha
harro
rende
Spr
togeth
most
The
canno
and
spring



The Calm of the Cloister

THE pilgrim steps of spring have wended their way back to the Home Knoll after a particularly rugged winter. Once again warm breezes are blowing up from the Hudson River, and seminarians pass fleeting moments in the cloister's shade. The orchards and farmlands have been harrowed, and soon the buds will render fragrant the pulsating air.

Spring and Mary's Month come together at the Knoll, in what is the most beautiful season of the year. The warm, still days of summer cannot compare with golden suns and silver rains of the Maryknoll springtime.





In May of each year, our seminarians march in procession about the Knoll's farmlands for the traditional ceremony of the Blessing of the Fields, in which God is besought to grant an abundant and rich harvest.



Beneath the Knoll's lower cloister, with its medieval-looking stone arches, veteran Father Anthony Cotta is questioned about his experiences in China and Madagascar. Students look to the day they will go missionward.



The Shoe that Pinches!

TOO Much Foot in Too Little Shoe means that things are overcrowded!

What to do? We have tried cutting "holes," we have tried "stretching," to add room to our "shoe." We have tried to relieve the pressure by expansion. But, sad to say — *ouch!* the shoe still pinches!

There is only one answer. We need another "shoe" — a seminary in which to house our ever-increasing number of future apostles.

Our Plan:

With the blessing of Cardinal Stritch, we obtained property at Glen Ellyn, near Chicago, Illinois. The building plans are ready. By the grace of God and with your help, we shall be able to make this building a reality very soon.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P. O., NEW YORK

DEAR FATHERS:

I (we) should like to become a Patron of the new Maryknoll seminary at Glen Ellyn, Illinois. Enclosed is my (our) offering of \$_____

I (we) should like to join the Brick-a-Month Club. Please send me a monthly reminder.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

We Need 400 Patrons, to provide 400 Memorial Units. A Unit represents the study, eating, sleeping and chapel space for one student. A Patron is an individual, a family, a group, a club, a society — ANYONE!

What You Can Do:

1. Join the Brick-a-Month Club. Bricks, cement, labor, etc. will all be essential for the construction. Dues per month..... \$2
2. Give —
ONE SECTION OF A UNIT \$400
ONE COMPLETE UNIT \$1,600
ANY GIFT toward the total \$....

Help us relieve that pinching "shoe," by becoming a patron of our future apostles. Remember! — without YOU we can do little!



The Major and the Miners

IF THE MAJOR had not been sent to defend our miners, — well, who knows what would have happened to him?

This affair started in Hupeh Province, about five years ago when Searching-for-Wisdom Chang, a fervent Chinese Buddhist, was called to the colors to defend his country from the Japanese invaders. He was assigned to Burma, to receive training under General Stilwell, who was then forming the new Sixth Army. While fighting under the General's command, Private Chang became a corporal.

Corporal Chang was placed in charge of some Catholic soldiers. The calmness of those youths in the face of death, and their certainty of a better life to come, inspired the corporal with a desire to inquire into this religion of hope. It was his wish to talk with some Catholic priest, but the war was on and the enemy gave little time for furloughs.

When the war ended successfully, Sergeant Chang thought he would have leisure to investigate the Lord of Heaven Religion. But a new enemy appeared in the form of Communists. The Sixth Army was rushed to the Northeast, where the danger from uprisings seemed greatest. In this territory, just north of Fushun, the sergeant became a lieutenant and at last met a priest.

Lieutenant Chang was won over by the sublimity of the Catholic doctrine, as it was explained to him by the Canadian missionary. He was almost ready for baptism when the tides of war shifted. Suddenly the lieutenant was sent to the south. Between skirmishes with Communists

and the training of new troops, the lieutenant continued to prepare for baptism, this time under the direction of a French priest. The young officer was made a captain and was just about to receive baptism when war again interfered.

This time it was Fushun that was threatened by the Reds. Fushun, with a population of two hundred thousand, is China's great mining center. The Central Government ordered that the mines should be saved from the Communists at all costs. Hence, every available soldier was rushed to the defense of the city, and Captain Chang was among them.

Upon arrival in Fushun, Chang was promoted to be a major. He worked night and day, developing the defenses of the city. Nevertheless, at the first opportunity, he sought the Catholic mission. After we had heard the major's story, we examined him and found that he was ready for Baptism.

Before any other changes could happen, we received the earnest catechumen into the Church. It was well that we did. Within a few days the Reds forced us to withdraw.



The new Sisters' novitiate at Valley Park was once a children's hospital

The Sisters Turn a Corner

New arrivals now report in Missouri

EARLY IN MAY, a half-hundred young ladies will become Maryknoll novices, at a reception ceremony, that will be unique. It will be the first one held away from the Motherhouse in New York. It will take place at the new Our Lady of Maryknoll Novitiate in Valley Park, Missouri.

The Valley Park reception emphasizes a decided turning-of-the-corner in the short but crowded history of Maryknoll Sisters. Heretofore, every candidate has received her training at Maryknoll-on-Hudson. But now, the expansion of our Congregation makes it necessary to branch out to other sections of the

country and to maintain two novitiates.

There was no realization, in the early days, when the half dozen or so of "Teresians" were hurrying around Maryknoll, trying to do the work of twenty, that they were the nucleus of a religious Sisterhood that would a few decades later crowd the 900 mark.

"Had anyone read in my teacup that I would some day be living at a Maryknoll Sisters' Novitiate near St. Louis," Mother Mary Joseph, foundress of the community, recently wrote to her Sisters at work in the four quarters of the globe, "I should have believed it less easily than if the

tea leaf
residen
I am —
a part
tion.
It w
Americ
one's li
there v
the biz
those
very p
In t
Soon
then t
dream
be wo
were
that s
But
missio
West
Seattl
China
missio
the
Man
Th
in Fe
year,
ters v
of t
Regi
high
chest
Th
Japa
the i
unla
off t
caug
ber
year
told
Tro

ten leaves had foretold a novitiate residence in far-off China. Yet here I am — happy and privileged to be a part of this new Maryknoll foundation."

It was a rare idea to Catholic America in 1912 — this giving of one's life for foreign missions. Indeed, there was a touch of the remote, even the bizarre, about it. Yet, for all that, those "firsts" among the Sisters were very practical women.

In the first year, they were five. Soon they were ten; then twenty; then twenty-five. They used to have dreams in those days. "Wouldn't it be wonderful," they said, "if there were fifty of us, to do all the things that should be done!"

But in no time at all, some were in missions among the Japanese on the West Coast, at Los Angeles and Seattle. The first group of Sisters for China left the next year, 1921; a mission in Korea opened in 1924; in the Philippines in 1927, and in Manchuria, in 1930.

The big Motherhouse was opened in February, 1932. In the fall of that year, a cloistered branch of the Sisters was established, taking over one of the farmhouses. This is now Regina Coeli Convent, topping the highest point, so they say, in Westchester County.

The Sisters opened a house in Japan, and penetrated farther into the interior of China. Then the late, unlamented Second World War shut off the Orient. Some 250 Sisters were caught in troubled areas on December 7, 1941. The story of those war years is a tale in itself, which has been told in *Sisters of Maryknoll, Through Troubled Waters*, by Sister Mary de



Heretofore all Sisters receptions and professions have been held at the Motherhouse at Maryknoll-on-Hudson





Maryknoll Sisters today tread pathways in the Far East and Latin America

Paul Cogan.

With the Orient closed for the time, Latin America invited. Soon our Sisters were in Bolivia, Panama, and Nicaragua. Social centers and schools for Chinese, Negroes, Mexicans, and Filipinos were opened in California, New York, St. Louis, and Boston.

At the end of hostilities in the Orient, the Sisters who had been in internment camps re-opened their convents. Those who had gone to

Free China, India, and Macao made their way back to their missions. Quickly, steadily, they began again.

There are nearly 900 Maryknoll Sisters today, thirty-six years after the first five made their start. Of this number, more than one fourth—240 are in the novitiates.

Some Maryknoll Sisters walk the paths of road-less China, seeking questioners and answering questions. Some, as teachers, stand before the swarthy faces and hungry eyes of Filipino, Negro, Hawaiian and South American children.

Still others open the doors of dispensaries to waiting lines of patients troubled with many diseases. Lepers of Panama; Indians of Bolivia, Igorots of the Philippines—all know the Maryknoll Sisters well.

In the Hawaiians there are social-service centers, from which trained social workers go out to the slums of Honolulu or to the shanties of transient ranch workers. In six native novitiates in the Far East, Chinese, Korean, and Manchurian girls are trained as religious and future apostles for their own people.

Thus the Valley Park Novitiate is indeed, a turning-of-a-corner. It is one more step in answering the call for foreign missionaries.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

Dear Sisters:

Here's \$_____ to help you turn this corner and others of the future!

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

As long as possible, I will send \$_____ each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister.

You'll Join the Chorus of Oh's and Ah's!

MRS. WYNNE, of Washington, D.C., writes: "I've had a delightful evening, explaining to my seven-year-old Helene that all children are her brothers and sisters by means of MY BOOK ABOUT GOD. She was particularly taken with little Ah Lan. The book is a treasure!"



MY BOOK ABOUT GOD is just off the Macmillan press, but already a mighty chorus of Oh's and Ah's is rising. Two Maryknoll Sisters are author and artist. The glorious multi-color pages make everybody's eyes pop.

"I am charmed with MY BOOK ABOUT GOD," Archbishop Ritter, of St. Louis, writes. "The author and artist have caught the full vision of childhood. They portray each child as a friend to every other child, regardless of the land where he was born." Price \$2.00; use coupon below.

Yarns! Yarns! Let Maryknoll's Father George Krock introduce you to China and a missionary's life as he found it in the Kaying mission. He tells his yarns — and some strange ones there are — with delightful humor. The book is entitled STOP KILLING DRAGONS, a McMullen publication. Price, \$2.25.

On Joss Stick Alley. Joss Stick Alley is becoming well known from coast to coast.

It was the place of operations for Maryknoll's first priest, Father McShane of Indiana, who was a South China specialist in the rescue of abandoned babies. Father Gillis of *The Catholic World* says, "There is not a dull page or a dull paragraph in the entire volume." You will agree.

It is a Longmans publication: THE MAN ON JOSS STICK ALLEY. Price: \$2.75.

Round-the-world bargain. You can sit in your rocker and take a delightful trip to every continent. Father John J. Considine, of Maryknoll, has written two volumes of fascinating word pictures, which we offer you at practically the price of one.

ACROSS A WORLD \$2.50
CALL FOR FORTY THOUSAND... \$3.00
BOTH books are yours for..... \$3.50

THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.

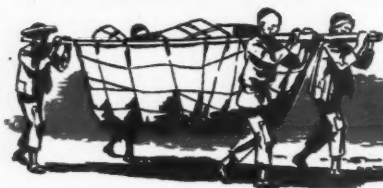
Please send me _____ copies of _____
Enclosed find \$ _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

STORY OF THE MONTH



Wang and His Coffin

by John J. Considine

WANG sat in his sunny courtyard and smoked contentedly. Before him was his coffin, with which he was immensely pleased. It was made of camphor wood six inches thick, with a high, curved lid. It was lacquered with ten coats of lustrous black, while gold spirals adorned the cover and long gold dragons ran down each side.

"Father," the eldest of Wang's five sons had said that morning, the morning of his sixtieth birthday, when they made him this precious gift, "we have always loved you and respected you. We have been mindful of the saying of the ancients, 'The most important thing in life is to be buried well at death.' We bring you this coffin."

Now he was ready for death whenever it might come. For years he had paid dues to a funeral club; thus there was money for the cere-

Yes, Wang had his coffin and was up-to-date with his burial club dues. But a bitter turn of fortune intervened which robbed him and yet blessed him wonderfully.

mony. Preparations were complete; all was well.

Yet all was not well. Dark rumors about invaders proved too true. Before the week was out they had swept like a plague through the valley. Wang found himself, he knew not how, on a refugee boat, moving up the Yangtze River, without his sons, without money, without anything from home — even his precious coffin.

The vessel unloaded at Wanh sien. Wang realized that he was very hungry, and the fact frightened him. He had been hungry at times in his life, but there had always been his home to go to, with its carefully stocked granary in times of difficulty, his friends with whom he could arrange regarding his needs. Now there were

no home, no food, no money, no sons, no friends.

"I have nothing to eat," he said distractedly to a passer-by.

"Sorry, Uncle, but you're not much worse off than the rest of us. Guess you'll have to grub for it."

Late that afternoon, an old woman in a hovel was ladeling out rice to her children when he wandered in. The sweet fumes of the steaming kettle made his head swim.

"Have you any work for me?" he asked weakly.

"Uncle, you don't want work, you want food," said the matter-of-fact grandmother. "We'll spare you a bowl of this rice, but you're robbing the children."

When night came, Wang crawled into an abandoned lean-to outside the city. Those there before him regarded him as an intruder, but they allowed him to remain on his promise that he would leave in the morning.

The new sun gave him courage. He had slept well, and his head was clearer.

"I will get work," he said to himself. "It shouldn't be hard to earn the few dollars for the fare to my sons down the river."

But work for a man of sixty was not easy to find. Toward noon he came upon a big-boned fellow standing with a burden pole.

"Work, Uncle? Are you strong? Perhaps you could take Wu's place. Wu used to carry with me, but he died yesterday."

The two men hurried to a warehouse near the docks. They mingled with other pairs, who were attaching great cases to their poles.

"Ready, Uncle — up!" cried his new-found companion. Straighten-

ing himself with the pole on his shoulder, Wang helped lift a heavy case from the ground.

"What a murderous load!" he gasped to himself. All went blank for a moment, but he doggedly kept his knees from crumpling. The owner of the pole was impatient at first, but Wang was determined not to show weakness. He had to get his stride, he explained; and by nightfall they were friends. The pole owner took his helper to an empty warehouse where with some twenty others, they threw themselves on the ground and slept deeply.

Every bone in Wang's body ached the next day, but he persisted. On the third morning he yielded, for a sizable lump protruded from his side.

"That's bad, Uncle, very bad. You have a rupture. Hard luck!"

Wang had money from the previous day, to buy rice. A doctor fastened a pad over his rupture; it was uncomfortable but permitted him to go back to his work. The doctor charged an exorbitant fee, and Wang was weeks paying it.

Then work ceased; there was no trade on the river. Wang, exhausted, gave little concern. He listened to the other coolies bewailing their lot, but did not join in their lamentations. He merely lay on his back in the sun, with his eyes closed.

Rest was very welcome — but a man must eat to live. Since the war still raged down the river, Wang followed the drift in the opposite direction and soon reached teeming Chungking. There he took such odd jobs as he could find.

He preferred to work with a gang; there was a sense of help from the

others. The carriers possessed a carefully evolved technique. When a load was ready, the signal was given. Then the men moved with the rhythm and precision of dancers. All used a short, staccato step; and the front and rear carriers alternated with weird cries, as strange as the cries of animals in a jungle.

"Hai-ya!" "Hoya!" came the ceaselessly uttered versicle and response from one little procession. "Hoh-Hoh!" "Yoh-hoh!" were the calls from another group.

But in addition to the cries were the odor of reeking perspiration, the staring eyes straining from their sockets; veins on every face and body taut as if ready to burst, the contorted muscles quivering, as if in mortal fear that they could not hold.

At last would come surcease. The carriers would throw themselves on the ground and be gripped by a sleep of exhaustion.

Wang felt himself growing increasingly more tired. "I cannot! I cannot!" he would repeatedly murmur to himself. The pennies he earned were not many, and the purchase of a passage to Ichang was postponed.

The aging man sought to find something less taxing for his meager strength. He spoke to the chair carriers.

"You are much too old," they replied as one man. Yet he would try the work. For some months he succeeded in getting odd jobs as

assistant to men who owned a chair. Chance threw him into the country along the route to Chengtu. He shuttled backward and forward, some days overworked, some days

idle. The chair took its toll. The bar resting on his shoulders pressed cruelly into the flesh and formed welts of angry red and purple. Then one day a splintered bar cut beneath the skin and caused a fester. Pus gathered in the wound and

exuded under the pressure, as he trotted miserably along the road.

One autumn morning, after a night in a cold, damp shelter, Wang awoke trembling with ague. Toward evening he called to a passing coolie.

"You must help me get to a bowl of hot soup," he said.

"Very well, Uncle. But it is not soup you need; it is the puff of an opium pipe."

Wang's face darkened in horror. "Never!" he cried. "Never! My brother took opium and ended badly."

"Well, Uncle, you are not ending very famously yourself."

"Perhaps not," agreed poor Wang, cut to the heart. "And perhaps you are a downright scoundrel, with your rude remarks! Know that I am the father of five sons, that I have a home and a beautiful coffin. Soon—"

"Listen, Uncle, I have an idea for you. You must get to Chengtu before winter comes, and you must go to the home for old men. The home is conducted by the Sisters of the Lord

Another's Boy

If you have no boy of your own to give to the foreign mission apostolate of Christ why not help to train another's boy? It costs about \$500 yearly to educate a Maryknoll student.

of H
bed
Th
lea
thro
Hou
swen
"I
"
repli
prai
you
W
bone
ness.
But
he w
Siste
day.
Him
H
kind
men
peop
take
had
prie
was
not
man
to el
man
drea
In
ring
Kun
ing
of t
the
low
a co
A
you
"W

of Heaven religion. They will have a bed for you, and rice for you."

There was a chilly whirl of falling leaves, when Wang trudged slowly through Chengtu, to the gate of the House of St. Helen. A Sister answered his knock.

"I am very tired," he said.

"Come in and rest awhile, Uncle," replied the Sister quietly, her appraising eyes regarding him. "Yes, you are very tired."

Wang slept. The next morning his bones did not ache from the dampness, because he was dry and warm. But he was sick as well as tired, and he was obliged to remain in bed.

"That Man on the cross there, Sister," Wang remarked slowly one day. "I have been thinking about Him. What did He do?"

He liked the story. He felt very kindly toward this God who wanted men to love each other, and who sent people like the Sisters and priests to take care of men like himself who had bad fortune. One morning a priest came and baptized Wang. It was well that he did, for spring did not bring strength to the exhausted man. Rather, his life seemed slowly to ebb away. Deeply peaceful, like a man in sleep busied with a pleasant dream, he lay in repose.

In the hospital yard sounded the ring of a hammer on nail heads. Kung the chief carpenter, was making coffins. "You must know," any of the Sisters would explain, "that the desire of every Chinese, even the lowliest, as the end comes, is to have a coffin in which to be buried."

A servant entered the yard. "Have you a coffin ready, Kung?" he asked. "Wang is dead."



The Poor Thief Was Robbed

by Carroll L. Quinn

There was a commotion on the Hong Kong wharf. A poor little pickpocket was being berated by a burly policeman. The third man in the group, the victim, had regained his stolen money and the policeman was trying to convince him that the culprit must be sent to jail.

As the two argued, we saw the pickpocket slip out of his shirt. Then like a flash, he stepped out of his shoes, dropped off his trousers, and dove into the harbor.

The policeman was equal to the occasion. He commandeered a small boat and overtook the swimmer.

Once again on the wharf, the officer had the situation and his victim in hand until the little man asked to put on his clothes over his dripping shorts. His clothes were gone! In their place was a ragged pair of pants. Yes, while the policeman pursued the wicked pickpocket, a thief more wicked than the first came along and walked off with the first thief's trousers, shirt, and shoes!

The Makynoll Roundup

Keyboard Radio. The other day Father Michael McKiernan, of Pomeroy, Wash. was trying to catch up on delayed correspondence. He was pounding away when one of his "country-est"

Christians dropped in. The Chinese saw Father typewriting, and he walked over to the machine. After a critical examination of the typewriter, the man remarked that the Padre had "a very good radio." Explanation that the typewriter was not a radio proved useless. The good farmer kept insisting that he knew radios. Finally, when the visitor asked the Padre to get the news on the typewriter, the Padre gave up. "Sorry! No electricity to operate tonight," said Father McKiernan in despair.



Father McKiernan

parish made the garments. When the young sacristan was given the new suit, he was as happy as if he had inherited a million dollars! The only fly in the ointment, is that the other boys now call him, "Joe Louis, the sheik."

On the Ball. Father Cyril Hirst, of Philadelphia, sends further proof of the ingenuity of Chinese youngsters. Noticing that the lads of the mission were unusually quiet, he went out to investigate. He found them busy making a rubber ball, from scraps of crepe rubber that they had secured from the shoemaker. The process is to soak the crepe in kerosene, to make it sticky; then to shape the wet rubber by hand, into a smooth sphere. Afterwards the ball is left in the sun to dry. The next step is the umpire's call of "Batter up!"—and on with the game!



Father Hirst

Sacristan's Reward. Down Chile way, Father Edward Brophy, of Lexington, Ky., has a sacristan who is in the fourth grade at school. A poor boy, he refused pay for his services. One of the Fathers noticed that the lad, who was known as Joe Louis, had only rags for clothing.



Father Brophy

The priests decided to give him a new suit. Joe's measurements were taken, and a kind woman of the

Invasion by Night. In the wee hours of the African night, Father William Collins, of Cambridge, Mass., was aroused to take part in an unexpected battle. Thousands of soldier ants were marching on the mission house! "Father Junkers came up with a brilliant invention," reports Father Collins. "Using a syringe and gasoline, he burned thousands

of ants. Despite our defense, hundreds of ants crawled over us. There are no words to describe the picture of three Fathers and a Bishop hopping around and slapping the pertinacious critters."

Mother's Boy. "Chico is as big as a minute, but his heart is as big as every hour in the day," writes Father



Father Sandman

Walter Sandman, of San Francisco, from Chile. "The other day he came and asked us for a peso. We asked what he wanted the money for. He replied that it was for his mother, who was ill. Later that day we visited Chico's house and saw him come in with food he had bought with the peso. 'I have only one Mama, and I must take care of her,' Chico told us."

King Cobra Dies. Father Louis Bayless, of San Jose, Calif., went hunting for an antelope. He was accompanied by six natives. Returning empty-handed, the group came upon a large cobra. Father Bayless quickly fired

with his small rifle. The first shot went home, but it took five more bullets to kill the snake. "The natives fear the cobra," reports Father Bayless. "Even after this one was dead, they would not go near it. If only they would fear Satan as they fear snakes, Africa would be a land of saints!"

A Sad Boy. Lizandro Perea, twelve-year-old prospective student for our Peruvian seminary, is a sad boy. His mother wrote this news to Father Dominic Morrisette, of Maine, from her one-room, damp, windowless hut where she labors as a seamstress to support her fatherless family. The reason for Lizandro's



Father Morrisette

tears was the fact that he could not be accepted for the seminary. He was rejected, not because of studies, but because the seminary did not have money to pay for his clothes and upkeep after giving board and tuition free. Lizandro is one of many who must be refused for lack of sufficient funds. This is all the more tragic because Peru needs so many priests.

WHERE IN THE WORLD ARE THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS?

IN THE PACIFIC

JAPAN — In the Prefecture of Kyoto.
KOREA — Temporarily in Seoul (Vicariate of Peng-Yang closed to Americans).
MANCHURIA — Diocese of Fushun.
SOUTH CHINA — Dioceses of Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow; Prefecture of Kwelin; also in Diocese of Hong Kong.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS — In Diocese of Honolulu.
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS — Postwar work as yet undetermined.

IN LATIN AMERICA

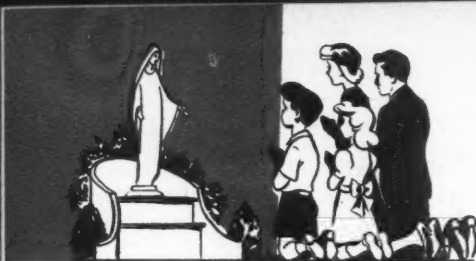
BOLIVIA — Vicariate of Pando; also in La Paz, Cochabamba, and Santa Cruz.
CHILE — In Dioceses of Talca, Chillan, Temuco, and parish in Santiago.

PERU — In Diocese of Puno; among Chinese in Lima.
ECUADOR — In Archdiocese of Guayaquil.

CENTRAL AMERICA — In the Huehuetenango region of Guatemala and in two other areas of the north.

IN AFRICA

TANGANYIKA — In Vicariate of Musoma-Moswa.



MARYKNOLL WANT ADS.

Motorboats are needed for Maryknollers who travel by river to reach the villages in Bolivia. Any gift for this purpose will be gratefully received.

A Practical Memorial. A school is needed in Chillan, Chile. The cost is \$4,000. Will you help us build the school?

Money Makes the Mare Go. A year's food for two horses costs \$95 in Guatemala. Think of all the miles missionaries can cover in a year on those horses! Who will supply hay? The \$95 isn't hay, but it means hay!

They Live High at Maryknoll missions in Peru — 13,000 feet above sea level. Consequently food, clothing, furniture, fuel, and other supplies for the missions must be freighted in on mules. Such transportation is costly: the bill is almost \$1,000 a year. A gift for any part of this sum will be greatly appreciated.

Armor! Mosquito-proof nets, snake-proof boots, rain-proof clothing, everything-proof sleeping bags: missionaries in Bolivia need such protection against jungle perils. An outfit costs \$100 — but missionaries cannot operate without jungle armor.

We See Them Die! You only read about it. If you were on the spot, you would do everything possible to help — as we do. A sum — \$5 — that may be the price of a theater ticket to you, may be the price of a month of life to some Chinese refugee.

Chinese Written Characters are pictures. The Chinese think in pictures; they write in pictures. That is why we need illustrated catechetical material to teach them. Help us buy the right teaching tools — at \$6 a set!

To Wade Streams, to protect himself against insects and reptiles, to avoid turned ankles and broken bones, the traveling missionary needs strong, high boots. A pair costs \$15. We'd like to order a pair of boots for Africa. Can we afford it?

20 Pews at \$10 each are requested for a chapel in Chillan, Chile.

Vestments — so that the priest may go fittingly clad to the altar — are needed for the Maryknoll Seminary chapel. The cost is \$25 a set.

To Be Blind is terrible in the United States — but what about being blind in China? Maryknoll cares for many blind Chinese. The cost is \$5 a month each.

Africa has some good roads, but they are long. Father Bayless must cover such roads to reach his people. Father gets around under his own power; but if he could have a motorcycle (costing locally \$400), he could reach his villages more quickly. Who will help this missionary?

Two Fonts for holy water can be installed at \$15 each. A church in Ecuador needs them.



WE HAVE HUNDREDS LIKE THESE!

Hundreds of American boys and young men are preparing, in Maryknoll seminaries and other training houses, to serve as priests in the foreign missions.

It costs more than a dollar a day to house, feed, and educate each student. So our monthly bills run high!

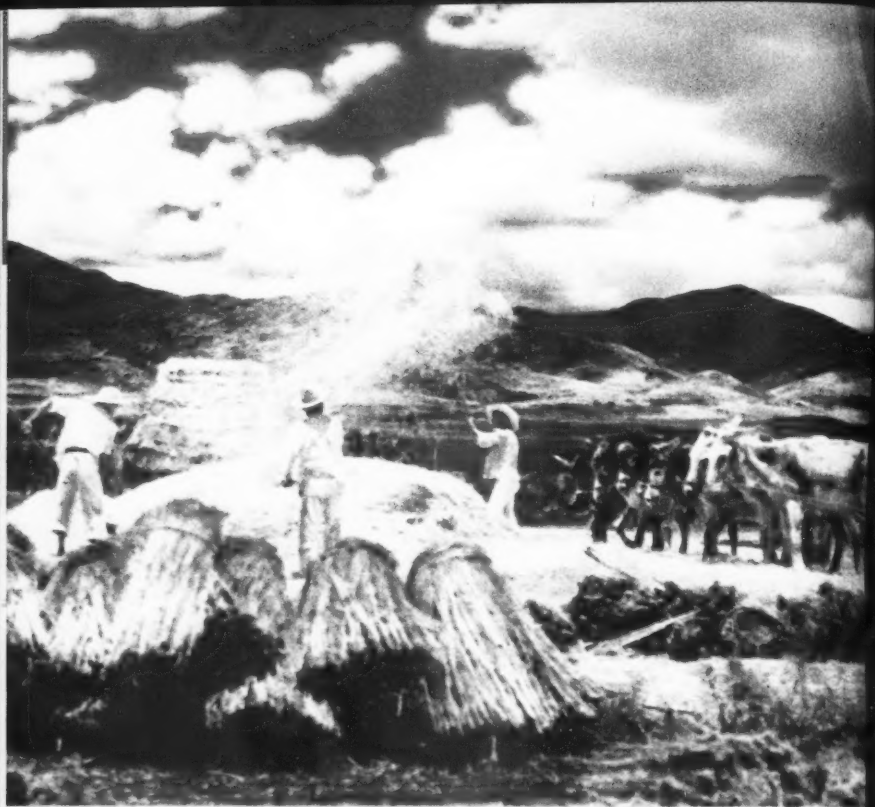
We believe that God, who inspired these young men to devote

their lives to work in overseas missions, will inspire their fellow men throughout our land, to support them during their years of training.

You can have a share in educating a young man for the Maryknoll priesthood by giving \$1, or \$5, or \$10, or any amount monthly, toward his support. Tell your friends about this idea.

Write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.



HOPE OF THE HARVEST — A warm sun and strong arms, man and nature together, produce an abundant Central American harvest. More priests and God's grace will bring an even richer reaping.

